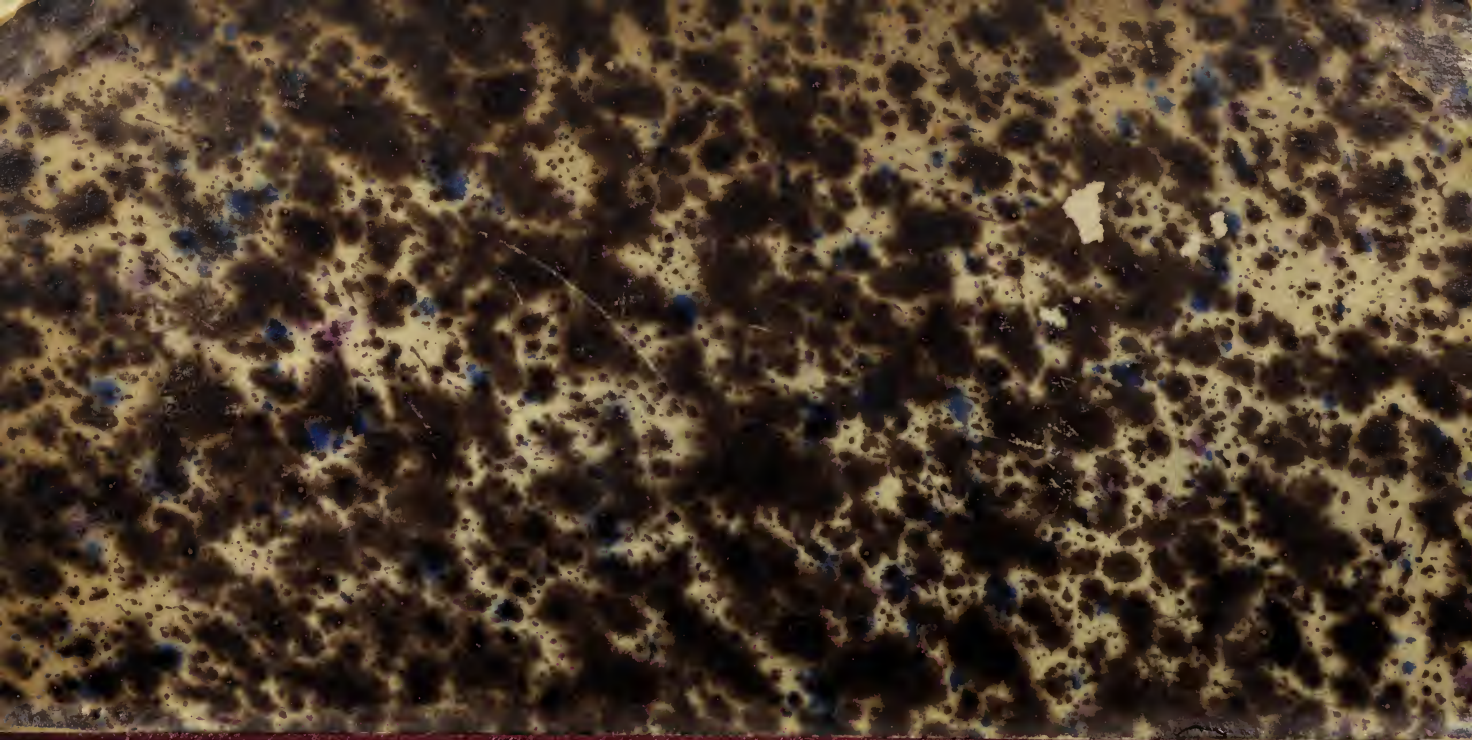


THE BEE;

OR, A

COMPANION

TO THE

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY:

CONTAINING A

CATALOGUE-RAISONNÉ

OF

ALL THE PICTURES;

WITH

COMMENTS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND REMARKS.

——————— *Paſcuntur & arbuta paſſim,*
Et glaucas ſalices, caſiamque crocumque rubentem,
Et pinguem tiliam, & ferrugineos hyacinthos. VIRG. GEORG.

——————— *Ego, apis Matinæ*
More modoque, ——— HOR.

Not only from the Lily or the Roſe
Th' induſtrious BEE collects his honied ſtore;
Some *ſweets* he gathers from each flow'r that blows,
Nor leaves a *ſting* becauſe it yields no more.

LONDON:
Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.
[Price One Shilling.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD it be aſked by what authority the BEE preſumes to decide on the merits of this Gallery, he will anſwer—that the criticiſms are not from the judgment of one individual, but of a *hive* of *fellow labourers*. It is for this reaſon, that the BEE ſpeaks indifferently in the ſingular or plural number: and, though ſome allowance may be claimed for inaccuracy in the ſtyle of a work written and printed "on the ſpur of the occaſion," yet the judgment has been formed at leiſure, becauſe the BEE has, long ago, found admiſſion to the Eaſels of the reſpective Painters.

INTRODUCTION,

Explaining the Deſign of the BEE.

IT is the neceſſary conſequence of perfection in any of the Polite Arts, to create either faſtidiouſneſs, or envy; and this remark is equally true, with reſpect to individuals, or to a nation at large: thus, the daubing, or rude ſculpture, which delights a clown, or a ſavage, is beneath the criticiſm of a Connoiſſeur, or an enlightened People; and in proportion as excellence becomes more general, mankind become more difficult to pleaſe. We might therefore conclude that England is arrived at a very high degree of perfection in the *Art* of *Painting*, from the obloquy and ſeverity of criticiſm with which its profeſſors have, of late, been ſo illiberally attacked; but we have now far better grounds for the aſſertion, ſince the Genius of the Britiſh Nation has been called forth to quit the narrow limits of repreſenting Portraits, and to diſplay

itſelf in the more ample field of Poetic and Hiſtorical Subjects.

The bold deſign of the *Shakeſpeare Gallery* does honour to the Individuals who conceived it, to the Poet whoſe genius it illuſtrates, and to the Nation for whoſe inſpection it is opened. But the national advantages to be derived from the encouragement thus held forth to Artiſts, may be impeded by the miſrepreſentations of Jealouſy and Envy, the falſe criticiſms of Ignorance, or the equally dangerous influence of unſkilful or malicious Wit. In ſome meaſure to counteract this evil, the BEE* again comes forth, profeſſing himſelf the champion of the Arts, and friend of Artiſts.

Veneration for Antiquity may be a laudable paſſion in the human breaſt; but we ſeem to carry it too far, when we deny that Modern Works will bear no compariſon with thoſe of former times. It is not always to their ſuperior merit that the latter owe their value, but rather to that awe which

* The deſign of the BEE was more fully explained in the Introduction to that of 1788, which contains a brief abſtract of the Principles of Painting; ſome few copies of which, remaining unſold, may be had of the publiſher.

which the approbation of ages neceſſarily excites: thus, when the ſtatues of a Bacon, a Banks, or a Nollikens, ſhall have reſiſted the tooth of Time as long as thoſe of a Phidias, or a Praxiteles, their marble will acquire a hardneſs through which the ſhafts of Envy will not be able to penetrate: thus, alſo, whatever the preſent generation of carping Critics may ſay of this great collection, the BEE will boldly propheſy, *that what the GALLERY of FLORENCE is now—ſhall be a few years hence the SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.*

This opinion, however bold, is not haſtily taken up: it is founded jointly on the merit of the Pictures, and the conſideration that the Subjects are more intereſting.—Thoſe of the ancient ſchools, being chiefly taken from the Sacred Writings, have not only a ſameneſs, but often contract a degree of ridicule which weakens their effect, by daring to repreſent what are not properly objects of ſight: theſe, on the contrary, illuſtrate ſcenes with which we are all acquainted—events in which we all participate—and ſubjects that touch the heart, and "come home to men's boſoms."

The Works of our immortal Bard yield the moſt ample variety of ſubjects: here, the ſerious and

and the gay, the ſacred and the ludicrous, the paſtoral, hiſtoric, and majeſtic, all find a place; and even the moſt extravagant flights of fiction and inventive fancy, by his touch, aſſume an air of reality and truth: here, the Painter may diſplay his judgment, or learning, in the habits, coſtume, and drapery of his hiſtoric ſubjects, or his imagination in thoſe of the poetic kind: in ſhort, there is no action, paſſion, ſituation, or effect, which may not be illucidated and enforced by ſuch combined efforts of the pen and pencil.

Through *Shakeſpeare*'s ſoul, the GENIUS of BRITISH POETRY poured forth the moſt wondrous efforts of the *Pen*; and, by the ſame channel, the GENIUS of BRITISH PAINTING now diſplays the choiceſt Productions of the *Pencil*.

Impreſſed by theſe conſiderations, the BEE was induced to remove his labours hither, and to quit his original deſign of commenting on the Pictures of the Royal Academy, where the multitude of portraits, and leſs intereſting objects, rendered it impoſſible to take notice of every Picture; while here, each ſubject will call forth ſome occaſion for remark.

And

And now, as a true friend to Artiſts, they muſt be told, that they themſelves have often been the greateſt enemies the Arts could have, ſince no foe is ſo dangerous as one whoſe ſituation ſhould inſure him for a friend. Profeſſors of Painting have miſtaken their true intereſt, in ſuppoſing that they could raiſe their own reputation by detracting from the merit of their competitors: one man will have excellence unattainable by another; and each will have faults of a different kind to counter-balance any degree of merit, for Nature confers genius with a ſcanty hand. In *Rubens*, we admire the colouring and compoſition; in *Michael Angelo*, the correctneſs and guſto of deſign; in *Titian*, the colouring chiefly attracts our notice; and in the divine *Raphael*, we ſee expreſſion blended with a large proportion of the other three requiſites: but from no painter, ancient or modern, ought they all together to be expected. For this reaſon, in the following pages let no one be offended, if, after pointing out the beauties of his production, ſome notice ſhould be taken of what appears defective: it is to ſerve the Arts, that the Bee will occaſionally ſhow his ſting; and where he wounds, let this honey be applied, "*indiſcriminate praiſe is often conſtrued into cenſure.*"

It is the earneſt wiſh of the BEE, to mitigate that jealouſy of rival excellence which diſgraces every liberal Art; therefore, to thoſe who are employed in this mighty undertaking, as well as to thoſe who hope to be ſo, let him recommend an endeavour to diſcover beauties, rather than defects: ſo will every Painter become a BEE of the ſame hive, working to the ſame great end—the advancement and perfection of his Art.

Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus idem.

THE BEE;

OR, A

COMPANION

TO THE

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

No. I.

TEMPEST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby.

THIS Picture repreſents the Cell of Proſpero, who is entertaining Ferdinand and Miranda, according to his promiſe—

——— ——— ——— "For I muſt
"Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
"Some vanity of mine art."———

The moment choſen, is that in which Proſpero, ſtarting ſuddenly, recollects miſchief plotting againſt him; and ſays to himſelf,

———"I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
"Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
"Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
"Is almoſt come.———

In the back-ground, we may obſerve Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano,

——————" Red-hot with drinking;
" So full of valour, that they ſmite the air
" For breathing in their faces."——

The Painter has judiciouſly contraſted the amazement of the two Lovers: Ferdinand ſeems to be rapt in admiration of the viſion, and ſays—" Let me live here ever."

On the contrary, Miranda, to whom theſe effects of her Father's power may be ſuppoſed more familiar, ſeems loſt to every thought but that of the beloved Ferdinand.

Mr. WRIGHT's peculiar excellence in managing ſtrong lights, is happily exerted in this ſubject; and thoſe who may object to it, in compariſon with ſome wonderful proofs he has given of repreſenting the light of fire, or moon-lights, muſt remember, that in thoſe Nature was his guide: here the light is made to proceed from an ideal ſource, " an inſubſtantial pageant, and ſuch ſtuff as dreams are made of;" therefore he was at liberty to treat it with all the gaudy colouring which we ſee in the maſk of Juno, Iris, Ceres, &c. &c.

No. II.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

HOW inſenſible to beauty muſt that man be, who can think of faults with ſuch a Mrs. Ford before his eyes! She is ſurely the moſt wicked, ſeducing object of deſire, that ever tempted man, to make a fool of him. She is now comparing her letter from Sir John Falſtaff with that he ſent to Mrs. Page, and cries out with infinite vivacity,

" Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand; the very
" words: What doth he think of us?"

Mrs. Page more ſeriouſly obſerves, that they are

" Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford
" differs."

And ſo indeed do their perſons.—Yet, for the ſake of the white ſattin drapery, ſo naturally repreſented, we ought to overlook the forced attitude of Mrs. Page. Critics who will allow no excellence in modern Artiſts, compared with thoſe of former times, may be aſked how far the Colouring of this Picture and its Companion fall ſhort of that of Rubens;—and the anſwer will be the teſt of truth or prejudice.

No. III.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DURNO.

FALSTAFF eſcaping from the jealous Ford's houſe, under the diſguiſe of Mother Pratt, the old woman of Brentford.

" *Mrs. Page.*]—Come, Mother Pratt, come, give me your
" hand.
" *Ford.*]—I'll prat her—out of my doors, you witch! [*beats*
" *him*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ron-
" yon! out! out!

This, and its Companion (No. XXI), are the performances of an Artiſt now ſtudying in Italy. We muſt allow conſiderable humour in ſome of the faces repreſented: but they are not of this country; they rather remind us of Italian characters.

No. IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

THE Duke, in the diſguiſe of a Friar, having detected the villainy of Angelo, to whom he had delegated his power during his abſence, diſcovers himſelf to the guilty Regent. The expreſſion of fear and horror is well marked in the features of Angelo, who is made to ruſh forward with great effect: and, as the performance of a young Artiſt, there are many things to praiſe in this Picture: the fore-ſhortening of Angelo is a difficulty well ſurmounted. But it is particularly our duty to obſerve where the Painter does not follow the Poet literally.—The Duke ſays to the Coxcomb Lucio,

> " Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you
> " Muſt have a word anon.——

Therefore, in him, the action of ſneaking away would have been very proper. But the great Shakeſpeare enters minutely into the characters of men; and though ſuch a one as Lucio would naturally make an effort to eſcape for the moment, with the exclamation—

> " This may prove worſe than hanging;"

yet

yet Angelo's detected guilt would, at firſt, rob him of all power of utterance or exertion; and he would rather ſhrink into his chair, than ſtart from it. His coadjutor Eſcalus, indeed, might riſe: his offence was only words *ſpoken in ignorance*; and, therefore, to him the Duke mildly ſays,

" What you have ſaid, I pardon: ſit you down:"

then ſternly turning to Angelo—it clearly appears that he is ſuppoſed ſitting, by the Duke's ſaying

" We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave—
" Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
" That yet can do thee office.——"

This cenſure, which the nature of our work renders indiſpenſable, ought not to rob the Picture of the merit it poſſeſſes, in bringing together and diſtinguiſhing all the perſons ſuppoſed to be preſent: for, beſides thoſe already mentioned, Iſabella and the Friar Peter give fair promiſe of riſing excellence.

No. V.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

THIS is one of the moſt intricate of all Shakeſpeare's plays; and the ſubject muſt have been very difficult to repreſent: to thoſe who are not already acquainted with it, we find it not eaſy to deſcribe the ſcene. From the exact reſemblance of the two *Antipholis*'s, and their ſervants the two *Dromio*'s, great confuſion happens, till in the laſt Act the diſcovery is made, which is the ſubject of this Picture. *Ægeon* being brought for publick execution in a ſtreet before the Priory, an *Abbeſs* to whom *Ægeon* proves to be the huſband, clears up the myſtery by producing the Syracuſan *Antipholis* and *Dromio*, and ſhewing that there are two of each. The likeneſſes of there twins and their ſervants are ſo juſtly preſerved, that the Duke might well ſay,

" One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
" And ſo of theſe: which is the natural man,
" And which the ſpirit? who decyphers them?"

The

The wife, who ſtands betwixt the twins, exclaims,

" I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me."

This lady's ſurpriſe and admiration, together with the chaſteneſs of the whole figure, are excellently contraſted with the looſe attire and mercenary conduct of the *Courteſan*, who ſeems only intent upon her intereſt.

" Sir, I muſt have that Diamond from you."

The ſame ſpirit guides the hand of *Angelo* to his property, ſaying,

" That is the Chain, Sir, which you had of me."

Theſe two ſordid characters are deſcribed, both by the Poet and Painter, as the only perſons indifferent to the ſurpriſe diſcovered in all the reſt: and when we conſider how many perſons are neceſſary to the ſcene, we muſt make allowance for the flutter of Colouring which ſome leſs candid critics have objected to this Artiſt's works. *Ægeon*'s figure is worthy obſervation for knowledge and correctneſs of deſign.

No. VI.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

HERO and *Urſula*, having purpoſely drawn in their friend *Beatrice* to liſten to their converſation, are now beguiling her with a fictitious ſtory that *Benedick* is deſperately in love with her, and thus endeavour to cheat her into a mutual paſſion, well knowing

——————" Of this matter
" Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
" That only wounds by hearſay."

Beatrice liſtens,

" And greedily devours the treacherous bait."

There is a brilliancy and harmony of colouring in this picture, which ſhould compenſate for any faults; yet there ſeems one which the Bee muſt not paſs over unnoticed, viz. a trifling deviation from the text of Shakeſpeare. Beatrice is beguiled to

——————" Steal into the pleached bower,
" Where honeyſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
" Forbid the ſun to enter."——————

And we are afterwards told, that ſhe,

——————" Even now,
" Is couched in the woodbine coverture."

She might therefore have been leſs conſpicuous, eſpecially as there was ſuch a Hero in the piece: and if it were reaſonable to expect all things from the ſame hand, the BEE might have found flowers more natural in the honeyſuckle-bower, which abounds rather with a kind of drooping ſea-weeds foreign to their ſituation. But *non omnia poſſumus omnes:* the hand which could paint Hero, does not belong to a mere Flower-painter. Well might Claudio ſay of ſuch an one.

" In mine eye ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on."

Therefore, notwithſtanding what the Bee has thought it his duty to hold forth reſpecting this picture,

If to its ſhare ſome trifling errors fall,
Look on *her* face and you'll forget them all.

No. VII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

HERO, being falſely accuſed through the villainy of *Don John*, is here publicly ſhamed by her Bridegroom at the altar, where ſhe is going to be married.

Few people will need an explanation of this ſubject. The play is frequently acted; and the characters not only ſpeak for themſelves, but are habited in ſome meaſure as we are uſed to ſee them on the ſtage. This circumſtance was not neceſſary to be attended to in general, becauſe it might frequently miſlead; but thoſe who have ſeen the judicious taſte diſplayed by Mr. Kemble in his Coriolanus, might perhaps declare there would be no danger in copying from ſo nice an obſerver of claſſic drapery.

The contempt expreſſed by Claudio, the villainy of Don John, the fainting of Hero, and the ſurpriſe of the Prieſt, muſt be too obvious to need a comment; and there is a warm glow of ſunſhine over the whole piece, that is enchanting.

No. VIII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. SMIRK.

THE villainous plot mentioned in the preceding No. VII. is here discovered by the Watch having overheard *Borachio* tell *Conrade* "that "he had received a thousand ducats of Don "John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully." They are brought before *Dogberry* and *Verges*, two foolish officers, to be examined. In the characters of these important personages there is infinite humour and expression: indeed the *Vis comica* appears in every part of the picture. Observe the self-sufficiency of *Verges*, whom Shakespeare makes to say very little, but whose looks speak "the insolence of office;" the extravagant wrath of *Dogberry*, who seems to be uttering,

"O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting "redemption for this."

and the earnestness of the *Sexton*, who writes the examination with such solemn gravity, that we think we hear him, at the close of each sentence, say,——"What else?

Though the same features occur in many of the figures, yet they are all natural, and all concur in the general idea of humorous effect, without extravagance or caricatura. In short, since the days of Hogarth, we have never seen so much natural humour so well represented.

No. IX,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

THIS Picture is unintereſting in its ſtory, being ſimply a Princeſs aſking a Foreſter,

——"Where is the buſh
"That ſhe muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?"

And he anſwers,

"Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
"A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot."

The lady is exactly copied from Shakeſpeare's words, as one to whom Nature was ſo bountiful in graces, that ſhe

——"Did ſtarve the general world beſide,
"And prodigally gave them all to her."

But the Artiſt has done more; for, beſides the beauty and elegance of the Princeſs, the ſame bewitching beauty is extended to the landſcape and accompaniments, which repreſent a pavilion in a park, with a diſtant view of the King's palace in Navarre.

No. X.

MIDSUMMER - NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

" The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
" Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
" heaven;
" And, as Imagination bodies forth
" The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
" Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
" A local habitation and a name."

HOW applicable is this deſcription to the enthuſiaſtic Painter of this wild and whimſical ſubject!

By the power of enchantment, *Titania*, the Queen of Fairies, becomes enamoured of a ſimple Lubber, whoſe head has been transformed into that of an aſs; and commands her fantaſtic elves to ſerve him,

" And do him courteſies."

With the head he poſſeſſes all the inclinations of an aſs, and aſks for oats, and hay, and peaſe. The awkward poſition of this figure is excellently ſuited to his character: he employs one fairy *(Peaſebloſſom)* to ſcratch his head, another *(Muſtardſeed)* to rub his noſe; and to another

(Cobweb)

(*Cobweb*) he ſays—" Monſieur Cobweb, good " Monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and " kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of " a thiſtle." Theſe the Painter has ingeniouſly diſtinguiſhed. But we muſt now take notice of other perſonages which his own creative fancy has ſupplied. Immediately behind the Queen are two Maids of Honour, in whom all paſſion ſeems ſubdued by awful reverence of the royal preſence; yet we may trace the native contraſt of a coquette and prude in theſe two characters: to the right of the Queen are two attendants who ſeem of more conſequence than maids of honour; and on the left is a female figure, to whom Age ſeems ſubject, though ſhe herſelf is ſubjected to Flattery. At the back of her is *Puck* or *Robin Goodfellow*, the treacherous elf who is the cauſe of all this confuſion, and who ſeems to enjoy this miſchief, and point out the conſequences with his fingers. There is alſo a delightful laughing French-faced girl offering ſtrawberries; and in the fore ground, amongſt a variety of elves and fairies, are Moth and a little Chryſalis her progeny: but here ſeems alſo the little Indian Child, which has no buſineſs in the ſcene, becauſe, ſince the Queen's unnatural love, that object of contention had been given up. We muſt not leave this magic ſubject without obſerving on the elegance of the *Queen*'s figure, and the correct drawing both of her and her lounging Paramour. The whole compoſition is ſuch a medley of pleaſing romantic oddity, as would furniſh much more ſubject for comment than our limits will allow; therefore, look at it, and laugh.

No. XI.

No. XI.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

TWO pair of Lovers, having fallen aſleep in the dark, without knowing each other's ſituation, are awaked by *Theſeus* and *Hippolita*, who came that way to hunt. The ſubject is made intereſting by the beauty of the Female Figures; and that ſurely will be allowed by thoſe who can ſee nothing elſe to praiſe in this performance. We may alſo commend the foliage and landſcape.

No. XII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DOWNMAN.

ROSALIND giving a chain from off her neck to *Orlando*, who in a wreſtling-match has overcome the champion *Charles* (him we ſee carrying off in the back ground). With the chain, *Roſalind* gives her heart; and that is moſt happily expreſſed in this picture. This figure is ſo eminently beautiful, that we ſhall take no notice of the reſt, except in wiſhing that *Celia*'s hat were *quite* off. The colouring is rather in too dry a manner.

No. XIII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

THIS Gallery produces three diſtinct ſpecies of Hiſtorical Pictures. Thoſe in which the Perſons of the Drama conſtitute the chief object, and the Back Ground is very ſubordinate: of this claſs are almoſt all the Pictures of the upper part of the Room. Of another ſpecies are thoſe in which the Scene or Landſcape is principal, and the Figures ſubordinate: of this kind are the Picture before us, and its Companion (No. XVII). And laſtly, there is an intermediate ſpecies between theſe two; which, though not ſo ſtriking in effect, yet often produces a richneſs and pleaſing variety of matter: of this kind are moſt of thoſe Pictures in the lower part of the Gallery, in which the Figures and Landſcape are nearly of equal conſequence.

We ſee here the *melancholy Jaques* moralizing on the ſcene before him: we are principally to conſider the ſcene itſelf, where

——————"he lay along
"Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
"Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
"To the which place, a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
"That from the hunter's aim had taken hurt,
"Did come to languiſh."——

We

We muſt next admire the expreſſion ſo accurately copied from theſe words:

" The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
" That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
" Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
" Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
" In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool
" Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
" Augmenting it with tears."———

Nor muſt we forget to notice, that

———————" anon a careleſs herd,
" Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
" And never ſtays to greet him."

And now having quoted ſo much of the original, ſurely any comment muſt be needleſs to deſcribe the truth with which the whole is elegantly become an object of our ſight.

No. XIV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON. R. A.

IN No. XI. we ſaw the birth of a paſſion, of which we here ſee the completion. *Roſalind*, turning from the *Duke* her father, to *Orlando*, ſays,

" To you I give myſelf, for I am yours."

This Picture repreſents the laſt Scene of the Play, as written, but not acted; for Shakeſpeare introduces Hymen, to join four couples, ſaying,

" Here 's eight that muſt take hands
" To join in Hymen's bands."

In ſuch a ſituation, Lovers' joy is very difficult to expreſs; but this is a happy group of happy Characters: and the Landſcape is delightful.

No. XV.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

PETRUCHIO comes "in a new hat and an "old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice "turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-"cases, one buckled, another laced; an old "rusty sword, &c. &c." and having married *Katherine*, insists on taking her immediately to his home. Her father and the rest of the company intreat him to dine before he goes: his answer is,

> ——— "You that attend on her,
> "Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
> "Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
> "But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:
> "And here she stands, touch her who dare."

The Ladies must be told, that nothing is so difficult as to preserve beauty with an angry face; yet *Katherine* is here a vixen without being ugly: it was a dangerous experiment.

No. XVI.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

LEONTES, by unjuſt ſuſpicion of his Queen's fidelity, being driven to a jealouſy little ſhort of madneſs, reſolves to deſtroy the daughter of which ſhe has lately been delivered; and makes the good old *Antigonus*

——————" Swear by his ſword
" He will perform his bidding."——

He then enjoins him to take the child " to ſome " remote and deſert place," and there leave it,

" Without more mercy, to its own protection,
" And favour of the climate."——

There are few Pictures in the Gallery which can vie with this, in all the requiſites of Painting: the effect of light leading the eye immediately to the poor innocent object of the Tyrant's wrath, is wonderful; and the Figure bending over the Babe, comes forward as if it were more than Painting could produce. There is a ſquareneſs of attitude in the *Leontes*, which though ſome may call ſtiff, they ſhould be told the fault is in the Art, not in the Artiſt; for firm, reſolute inflexibility of character, can only be

be repreſented to the eye by a certain degree of ſtiffneſs. The venerable *Antigonus* ſeems to drop a tear upon the ſword which he is made to kiſs. We almoſt wiſh his legs had been covered with thinner drapery, that the character of Age might have been preſerved through the whole figure.

This Picture alone would juſtify the hopes that the Gallery will lay the foundation for an Engliſh School of Painting, that ſhall equal, if not ſurpaſs, that of all other Countries.

No. XVII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

ANTIGONUS devoured by a Bear, after having expoſed the infant Perdita, as he ſwore to do (See No. XVI). This is meant as a Companion to No. XIII—but, in excellence, it limps behind—" *haud paſſibus æquis.*"—This is too often the fate of Pictures, painted as Companions to ſome happy effort of a lucky minute.

No. XVIII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

PERDITA, the innocent Babe repreſented in the Picture No. XVI, is now grown up, and, as a Shepherd's Daughter, beloved by the young Prince *Florizel*, who has put on a Shepherd's dreſs, to do honour to a ſheep-ſhearing. The *King*, his father, with *Camillo*, diſguiſed, are witneſſes to the ſcene; and ſhe is welcoming them as ſtrangers, and giving them flowers ſuitable to their age:

——— ——— ——— "Reverend, Sirs,
"For you, there 's Roſemary and Rue: theſe keep
"Seeming and ſavour, all the winter long."

In the back ground is a *Pedlar*, with his wares, amuſing the Lads and Laſſes. The Landſcape, the figure of the old Man, and particularly the Dog, make this by far the beſt Picture of the three painted by this Artiſt.

No. XIX.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE. III.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

THE three Witches, having hailed Macbeth and Banquo, are here vaniſhing

> " Into the air; and what ſeemed corporal, melted
> " As breath into the wind."———

In the characters of theſe imaginary " bubbles " of the earth," this Artiſt has indulged the wildneſs of his fancy, with his uſual enthuſiaſtic energy: but he has carried it too far, in the real characters of Macbeth and Banquo; for, although they might be ſurpriſed at what they ſaw, yet Shakeſpeare's language gives no warrant for this *extravagance* of action, in the *Engliſh* Drama, whatever it might do upon an *Italian Stage*. This cenſure of an Artiſt in whoſe Works there is generally ſo much to praiſe, muſt be allowed, or the BEE's criticiſms would be uſeleſs and nugatory.

No. XX.

KING JOHN.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

THE horrid ſubject needs no explanation—Prince *Arthur* pleading for "a pair of eyes," which *Hubert* has ſworn

"That with hot irons muſt he burn them out."
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"For Heaven's ſake, Hubert! let me not be bound:
"Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
"And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb—"

Poor lamb! how our blood chills as we look upon his danger!

The Painter has judiciouſly hid the face of the Wretch who could conſent to heat the dreadful inſtrument: but in the ſtruggle of *Hubert*'s ſoul between his intereſt and his pity, he has done as much as Painting can expreſs: obſerve the convulſing agony of his whole frame, and particularly that of the left arm. If there be any who are not acquainted with the Play, they will thank us for telling them, young Arthur does not plead in vain.

No. XXI.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DURNO.

THIS Picture has ſome merit in the comic groteſque Characters of the Recruits, which are brought before Sir John Falſtaff and two Juſtices, to be pricked as Soldiers; and deſerves a place in this Collection, to ſhow the variety of ſtyle between the preſent Engliſh and Italian Schools: but the Artiſt, by long reſidence at Rome, ſeems to have contracted a hard ſtreaky manner, more reſembling the wet drapery of the Ancients, than what we ſee in Nature.

No. XXII.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

IN our comments on No. XIII. we have already remarked the three diſtinct Manners in which Shakeſpeare's Subjects are repreſented in this Gallery. The Picture now before us belongs to what we called the intermediate claſs, and abounds with excellent matter, both with reſpect to the Perſons and Landſcape: it deſcribes that fatal quarrel between *Plantagenet* and *Somerſet*, in which the friends of each declare the part they mean to take, by chooſing different-coloured roſes.

In all works of art, a *unity* of object produces the moſt ſtriking effect: if the Figures are principal, the Landſcape is hardly ever attended to: but even amongſt thoſe figures, there muſt be one leading Object; and in Painting, as in Poetry, we expect, generally, the *ſimplex duntaxat et* UNUM.

True genius, however, like that of Shakeſpeare, ſcorns the trammels of artificial bondage; and

and the immortal Bard would not be confined by the Critics' unities of time, place, or action: in like manner, this young Artiſt voluntarily encounters difficulties, to ſhow he can ſurmount them. The Subject neceſſarily requires that two Perſons ſhould appear of equal conſequence in the Piece, and that theſe two ſhould be diſtinctly ſeparated: this is ingeniouſly effected; for it is hardly poſſible to ſay which of the two contending Lords is principal; and though each is ſo diſtinctly marked, yet the attention is not unpleaſingly divided; becauſe, by a broad maſs of light, a ſort of artificial *unity* of effect is happily preſerved, notwithſtanding the contraſt of attitudes, action, and drapery; and more eſpecially the contraſt in character, between the wrangling *Somerſet*, who ſwears

" By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
" On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom—"

and *Plantagenet*, who more coolly could anſwer to his abuſe,

" I'll note you in my book of memory;"

and afterwards can check his anger, by reflecting,

" How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it."

Nor muſt the ſtern character of the great *Warwick* be paſſed unnoticed: he ſeems to propheſy,

——————" this brawl to-day,
" Grown to this fiction, in the Temple Garden,
" Shall ſend between the red roſe and the white,
" A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night."

We now proceed to the Landſcape part of this Picture. The Scene is the Temple Garden; but

but the Artiſt was not content with merely introducing a view of the Thames, to identify the ſpot: he has done more; he has made it ſubſervient to the general effect. The River is evidently ruffled by a gale; and thus the metaphoric contention of the winds and waves adds force to the general idea of diſagreement.

The *intention* of the Picture ſhould principally be the object of the Critic's notice: in his works we read a Painter's mind, who often, himſelf, laments the imbecillity of human nature, that ſhows us in idea, what is perfection; but, alas! never gives the full power to execute all we conceive: therefore we will paſs over trifling errors in this ſpirited attempt; and rather rejoice to trace and applaud that Soul which induced a *Boydell* to call forth the various Genius of our Country.

No. XXIII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

Preſident of the Royal Academy.

WE now come to the maſterly performance of the Preſident of the Royal Academy. Were we not already acquainted with his works, this alone would juſtify the rank he holds amongſt his Brethren. This Picture repreſents a ſcene the moſt awful and intereſting to human nature: it is a mighty King (Henry VI.) attending the Death-bed of his Uncle, *Cardinal Beaufort*. By the ingenious diſpoſition of light and ſhadow, the eye of the ſpectator is immediately directed to the dying Sinner: the attention is rivetted to the ſubject. We ſhudder at the excruciating agony of guilt and fear that writhes each limb, and faſtens his convulſed and diſtorted fingers on the bed-clothes; while in his face, averted from the light, we

"See how the pangs of death do make him grin."

It

It is difficult to leave this part of the Picture, which is evidently intended to be principal; yet there are other parts which are worth ſerious attention. The figure and attitude of the King are great, and highly characteriſtic of what he is ſuppoſed to ſay:

" Lord, Cardinal! if thou think'ſt on Heaven's bliſs,
" Hold up thy hand—make ſignal of thy hope."

With this Picture before us, we need not aſk what was the Cardinal's anſwer—we ſee it—

" He dies, and makes no ſign!—O God! forgive him."

At ſuch a ſight who can reſiſt the exclamation—" Let me die the death of the righteous, " and let my laſt end be like his!"

In a Work of ſuch exquiſite merit, and from ſuch a Pencil, it ſeemed a duty in the Bee to diſcover ſome defect, as an encouragement to younger Artiſts, and as an example that no mortal can produce perfection: but after examining the expreſſive countenances of Warwick and Saliſbury, who attend the King, then proceeding to the Draperies both of the Bed and Garments, which are admirably contrived to give a general glow of warmth, and richneſs of effect, and to lead the eye to the principal Action, the Bee almoſt deſpaired of finding any fault; till at length, peeping from behind the bolſter, he ſaw the *Devil*, in the character of a *Chimney-ſweeper*, waiting for Beaufort's ſoul, without a *ſoot-bag* to put it in. This conceit is beneath the dignity of the Subject and the

Artiſt, who, after ſhowing the gnawing Demon of Deſpair,

——————" The buſy, meddling fiend,
" That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,"

ſo ſtrongly marked in every feature of his guilty face, ſeems, by the introduction of an hideous Imp, only to tell us, that Sin will make a man uglier than the Devil. Had Shakeſpeare thought this Evil Spirit neceſſary, we ſhould have found his name in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. Let the Infernal vaniſh before it is engraved, and then the Bee's ſting will have made one Picture perfect.

No. XXIV.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

HERE is an inſtance that violent action is not neceſſary for a good Picture: the ſubject is calm and tame, but not unintereſting; *King Edward* declaring,

" Once more we ſit in England's royal throne,
" Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies;"

and after re-counting the noble deeds of a ſucceſsful war, enjoying hope of future peace, and ſaying to his Queen,

" Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy."

What an admirable contraſt does this picture of happineſs make, to that of horror, by the ſame Artiſt (No. XX.)! The beauty of the Queen and her Attendants, with the ſweet majeſtic compoſure of *Edward*, who ſeems to look

——————" farewell, ſour annoy!
" For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy,"

almoſt make us regret the preſence of Glouceſter, who looks on the Babe with an evil eye, muttering to himſelf,

" I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid;
" For yet I am not look'd on in the world—
" This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick."

If there be any fault, it is, perhaps, that the light is rather too far extended along the drapery of the Queen.

No XXV.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

This preſents us with the firſt meeting, after their Father's death, between the *Prince* of *Wales* and his Brother the *Duke* of *York*. The latter has been brought, with ſome reluctance, by the *Archbiſhop* and *Lord Haſtings*, to be placed under the care of their Uncle, *Gloceſter*, who, with a malicious anticipation of his future wicked purpoſes, rejoices to ſee them in his power, and welcomes the ſweet Boy with the hypocritic cant of

" How fares our Couſin, noble Lord of York?"

We may obſerve the innocent ſalutation of the Children; and the contraſt between the villainy of *Gloceſter*, and the manly openneſs of *Lord Haſtings:* this latter we muſt not ſilently paſs over. The whole Figure is exquiſitely managed; but the left elbow is one of thoſe wondrous efforts in the Art of Painting, that make us doubt whether we may believe our eyes. The *Archbiſhop*, with uplifted looks, ſeems prophetically to lament the fate which befell theſe little Innocents, and which we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of at No. XXVII.

(No. XXVI. being the ſame Subject as the preceding, treated with equal ſkill, though on a ſmaller ſcale, by the ſame Artiſt, no comment is neceſſary).

No. XXVII.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

HERE we are made ſpectators of

" The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre
" That ever yet this land was guilty of—"

the two Royal Children murdered in the Tower, as they lay

——————" girdling one another
" Within their alabaſter innocent arms."

Sure, had the Children looked like theſe, *Dighton* and *Forreſt* could not have perpetrated

——————" this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
" Albeit they were fleſh'd villains—bloody dogs—"

for having done the deed, they might well declare,

——————" We ſmother'd
" The moſt repleniſh'd ſweet work of Nature,
" That from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd."

Indeed the whole of this Picture deſerves that the laſt two lines ſhould be applied to it, with the alteration of the word *Nature* for *Art*.

No. XXVIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

THIS Play, which by ſome able judges is not allowed to have been produced by Shakeſpeare, is of ſo horrid a nature, that it is little known; and the Artiſt's delicacy, in concealing the bloody ſtumps of *Lavinia*, (whoſe hands have been chopped off and tongue cut out) will rather tend to render the ſtory more obſcure: ſhe is purſuing young *Lucius*, who, not underſtanding what ſhe wants, is afraid of her: and this fear is evident in the Picture. When we know the ſtory, it becomes diſguſting; and till we know it, there is little intereſt excited: yet, as the early attempt of a young Artiſt, we muſt commend a claſſic elegance in the draperies, and ſome good drawing in many of the figures.

No. XXIX.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

LEAR, having liſtened with pleaſure to the fulſome proteſtations of love from his two elder Daughters, is diſappointed that his favorite *Cordelia* ſhould qualify her expreſſions of attachment, by ſaying,

——— " Haply when I ſhall wed,
" That Lord whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall
" carry
" Half my love with him, half my care and duty."

He flies into a moſt outrageous paſſion, and ſwears to baniſh her for ever. The faithful *Kent* interpoſes, but in vain; and he is repulſed with,

——— " Peace, Kent!
" Come not between the Dragon and his wrath."

And afterwards he again cautions him in theſe words:

" The bow is bent and drawn—make from the ſhaft."

Such is the ſtory: and in this Picture we are rather to look for the Painter's meaning, than what

what the Canvas has expreſſed; and in this view we ſhould declare, this is one of the boldeſt effuſions of a daring pencil. *Lear*'s rage; *Kent*'s intreaty; the wicked indifference of the two ſiſters, in one of which we read ambition, in the other laſciviouſneſs; all deſerve attention. It is dangerous to recommend moderation where ſo much fire diſplays itſelf: but what we obſerved in the Italian attitudes of No. XIX. is in ſome meaſure applicable to *Cordelia*.

Shakeſpeare makes her bear her fate in ſilence; therefore the violence here repreſented is not warranted by the text. But there is an enthuſiaſtic ardour in this aſtoniſhing Artiſt, which, while it delights, will ſometimes "o'erſtep the "modeſt bounds of nature:" or, is it not ſurpriſing, that in one whoſe drawing is generally ſo correct, we ſhould always ſee the fingers bent back, to a degree which few hands can ever reach? Yet after all, we had rather look on the extravagant failings of ſuch an Artiſt, than the cold correctneſs of many, who have no enthuſiaſm to hurry them from a ſervile copying of Nature.

No. XXX.

KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

Hiſtorical Painter to His Majeſty.

IN the works of this great Maſter, detraction ſeems to have kept full pace with his progreſſive excellence; and the wit ſo often laviſhed on his Pictures, in undeſerved cenſure, has ſerved to ſpread the poiſon, making its venom palatable.

The ſcene is a Hovel, into which *King Lear* and his *Fool* are perſuaded, by his faithful ſervant *Kent*, to retreat, to take ſhelter from the dreadful ſtorm. The moment choſen, is that where *Gloceſter* enters with a torch, and finds his Royal Maſter in a fit of madneſs, tearing off his clothes, juſt after having ſaid theſe words to *Edgar*, who lies half-naked in the corner:

" Here be three of us that are ſophiſticated: thou art the " thing itſelf. Unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch " a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you " lendings:—Come, unbutton here."

True Connoiſſeurs will diſcover admirable contrivance in the diſtribution and contraſt of the figures; and correctneſs in the deſign, need not to them be mentioned. Yet, had theſe been leſs attended to, the expreſſion of each countenance would fully compenſate for any trivial blemiſh. Who can look upon the melting features of the venerable *Kent*, bedewed with tears and rain, without ſympathiſing in his ſorrow? But the

moſt aſtoniſhing part of this Picture, is ſeen in the contraſted degrees of real or aſſumed madneſs. Obſerve the frantic rage of the good old King; the arch leer of the *Fool*, crouching under *Gloceſter*; and the ſullen artful countenance of *Edgar*, who ſees and knows his father, from whom he is diſguiſed under fictitious inſanity—yet with ſuch nice obſervance of what Shakeſpeare wrote, that it is hard to ſay, whether this madneſs be counterfeit, or, by long feigning, whether it is not in ſome degree become habitual.

After calling the attention to the various excellencies of this Piece, the BEE will anticipate the criticiſm of thoſe who delight to attack the colouring of this Artiſt. It is difficult at firſt to ſay by what light the action is repreſented: if by that of day, the ſtory is ill told, and the torch is uſeleſs: if in the night, the light of a ſingle torch cannot be adequate to ſuch great effect; beſides, the ſtrong glare of blue in the ſky is then unnatural. If we ſuppoſe a ſudden flaſh of lightning yields the light, then would the flame of the torch become inviſible. Thus are we reduced to the neceſſity of confeſſing, the blue ſky, contraſted with the red of Gloceſter's drapery, makes the general effect hard and gaudy, without warmth or richneſs; and the picture ſeems to have been coloured after the manner of ſome good Painters of Italy, rather than after what is ever ſeen in Nature. But when we reflect of how little conſequence is colour, compared with the other requiſites in which this Picture abounds, we ſhall be ſatisfied with obſerving, that the Print will be without a ſingle fault.

No. XXXI.

KING LEAR.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.

Profeſſor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

PERHAPS no Artiſt in this kingdom can better deſcribe what he would repreſent than Mr. Barry: witneſs his great Performances at the Adelphi. He has here choſen that dreadful ſcene, when Lear enters with the dead body of Cordelia:

" Howl! howl! howl! howl! O you are men of ſtones!
——————" O ſhe is gone for ever!"

The figures are claſſically habited; and thoſe removing the dead bodies, are admirably drawn. The landſcape, repreſenting a Camp near Dover, when Druidical Temples might be ſuppoſed ſtanding, is beautifully managed. On the whole, it will make a complete Engraving: but that unnatural colouring which diſcovers itſelf in this Artiſt's works, makes Lear's hair a ſolid maſs of alabaſter; and ſome Wits will perhaps repeat the words of Lear, and ſay—" O you are men of ſtone!"—But let them reflect, that colouring, however beautiful, is the leaſt requiſite of a good Picture; and, for thoſe intended for Engravings, it is of no conſequence at all.

No. XXXII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Painted by Mr. MILLER.

DURING the Maſquerade, *Romeo*, in the habit a of Pilgrim, firſt ſees *Juliet*, and falls in love with her: on the other ſide of the piece, *Tibbalt* and *Capulet* diſpute whether *Romeo* ſhould be permitted to continue at the ball: in the back ground we ſee Dancers, &c. This Picture is of the claſs we called intermediate; but forms a pleaſing variety to thoſe of that deſcription, by preſenting a rich ſcenery of Architecture, inſtead of Landſcape, for the back ground. It is a buſy, pleaſing ſpectacle of elegance and mirth.

No. XXXIII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

JULIET, having drunk the draught prepared by the *Friar*, is here ſuppoſed to be dead: *Paris*, her intended bridegroom, is bending over her; *Lady Capulet* and her Huſband ſtand inconſolable; while the *Friar*, ſtretching forth his hand, checks their immoderate grief, with

" Peace, ho! for ſhame! Confuſion's cure lives not
" In theſe confuſions: Heaven and yourſelf
" Had part in this fair maid: now Heaven hath all,
" And all the better is it for the maid."

The exquiſite contrivance by which the lifeleſs Juliet is made the leading object of the Piece, while every other keeps its proper place with full effect and expreſſion, cannot be too much admired. We muſt here obſerve, too, that by the great breadth of ſhade on one ſide of the Picture, and bringing all his lights to the other, and not ſo much as uſual towards the centre, this Artiſt ſeems to have ſcorned the ſervile accommodation of what is generally called Balance of Light and Shade: nor do we perceive the Picture to be the worſe for the bold attempt. In point of effect, it is all that one could wiſh.

No. XXXIV.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT. I. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

THE ſpirit which dictated the Scene here repreſented, ſeems to have guided the enthuſiaſtic pencil of the Artiſt: the whole Picture is in a great ſtyle of ſublimity and horror: the ſombre colouring freezes the blood with awe: in the *Ghoſt* we ſee

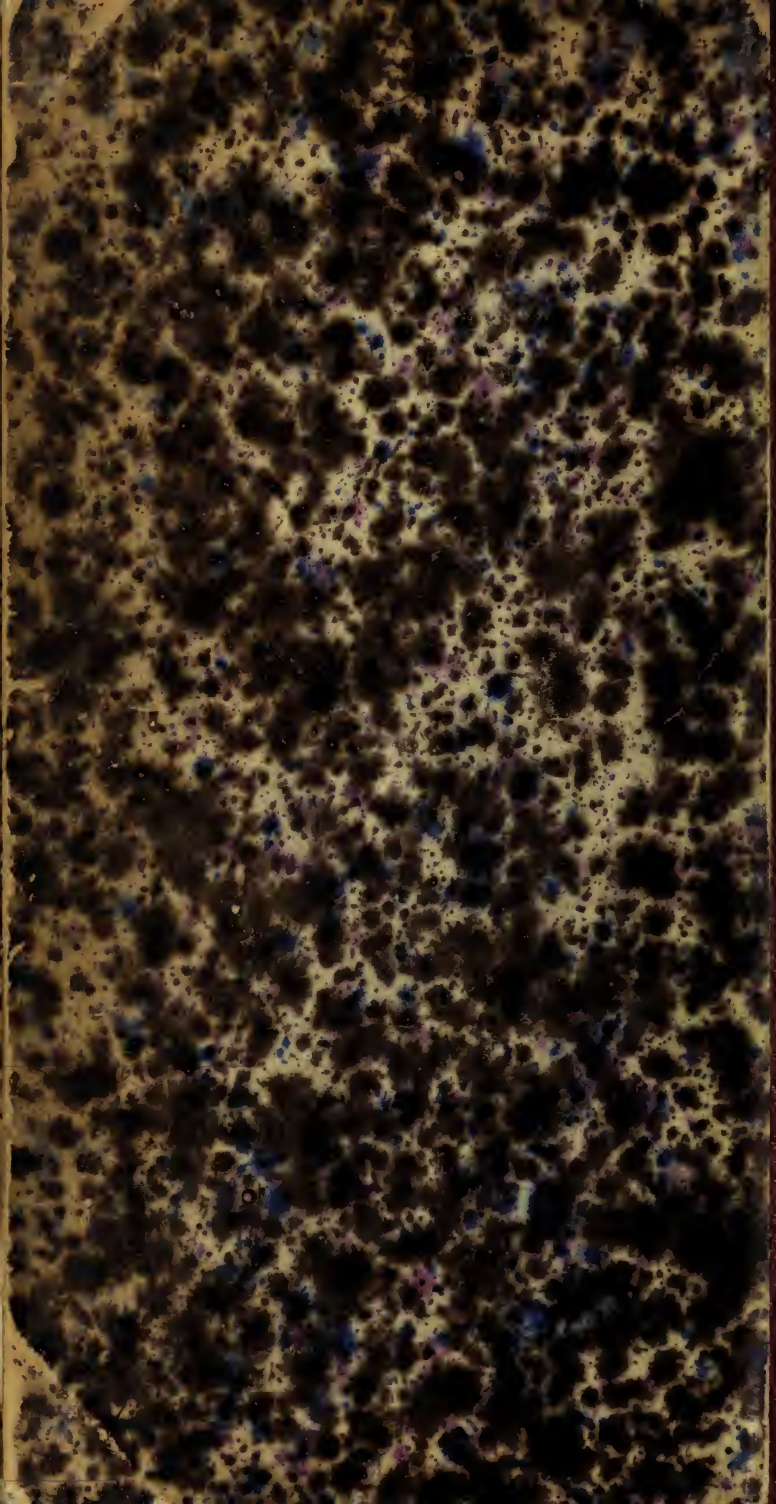
——— " that fair and warlike form,
" In which the Majeſty of buried Denmark
" Did ſome time march.——"

The ſtruggle of *Hamlet* to break from *Horatio*, has given opportunity of diſplaying the Painter's knowledge in Anatomy: even through the drapery, the exertion of every limb ſeems to confirm the words of *Hamlet*, where he ſays,

——— " My fate cries out,
" And makes each petty artery in this body
" As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
" Still I am call'd—Unhand me, gentlemen—
" By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me.—

From the ingenious poſition of the Moon behind the helmet, we are delighted with its beams, whether dimly playing on the diſtant waves, or glittering with ſtrong catching lights on the armour of the Ghoſt.

FINIS.

I N D E X.

No.				*Painted by*
1	The Tempeſt - -	Act 4.	Sc. 1.	—Mr. Wright, of Derby.
2	Merry Wives of Windſor	2	1	—Rev. Mr. Peters, R. A.
3	Ditto - - - - - -	4	2	—Mr. Durno.
4	Meaſure for Meaſure -	5	1	—Mr. Kirk.
5	Comedy of Errors - -	5	1	—Mr. Rigaud, R. A.
6	Much ado about Nothing	3	1	—Rev. Mr. Peters, R. A.
7	Ditto - - - - - -	4	1	—Mr. Hamilton, R. A.
8	Ditto - - - - - -	4	2	—Mr. Smirk, R. A.
9	Love's Labour Loſt - -	4	1	—Mr. Hamilton, R. A.
10	Midſummer-Night's Dream	4	1	—Mr. Fuſeli.
11	Ditto - - - - - -	4	1	—Mr. Wheatley.
12	As You Like it - - -	1	2	—Mr. Downman.
13	Ditto - - - - - -	2	1	—Mr. Hodges, R. A.
14	Ditto - - - - - -	5	4	—Mr. Hamilton, R. A.
15	Taming of the Shrew -	3	2	—Mr. Wheatley.
16	Winter's Tale - - -	2	3	—Mr. Opie, R. A.
17	Ditto - - - - - -	3	3	—Mr. Hodges, R. A.
18	Ditto - - - - - -	4	3	—Mr. Wheatley.
19	Macbeth - - - - -	1	3	—Mr. Fuſeli.
20	King John - - - -	4	1	—Mr. Northcote, R. A.
21	Henry IV. Part II. - -	3	3	—Mr. Durno.
22	Henry VI. Part I. - -	2	4	—Mr. J. Boydell.
23	Henry VI. Part II. - -	3	3	—Sir J. Reynolds, R. P.
24	Henry VI. Part III. -	5	7	—Mr. Northcote, R. A.
25 26	Richard III. - - -	3	1	—Ditto
27	Ditto - - - - - -	4	3	—Ditto
28	Titus Andronicus - -	4	1	—Mr. Kirk.
29	King Lear - - - -	1	1	—Mr. Fuſeli.
30	Ditto - - - - - -	3	4	—Mr. Weſt, R. A.
31	Ditto - - - - - -	5	3	—Mr. Barry, R. A.
32	Romeo and Juliet - -	1	5	—Mr. Miller.
33	Ditto - - - - - -	4	5	—Mr. Opie, R. A.
34	Hamlet - - - - -	1	4	—Mr. Fuſeli.